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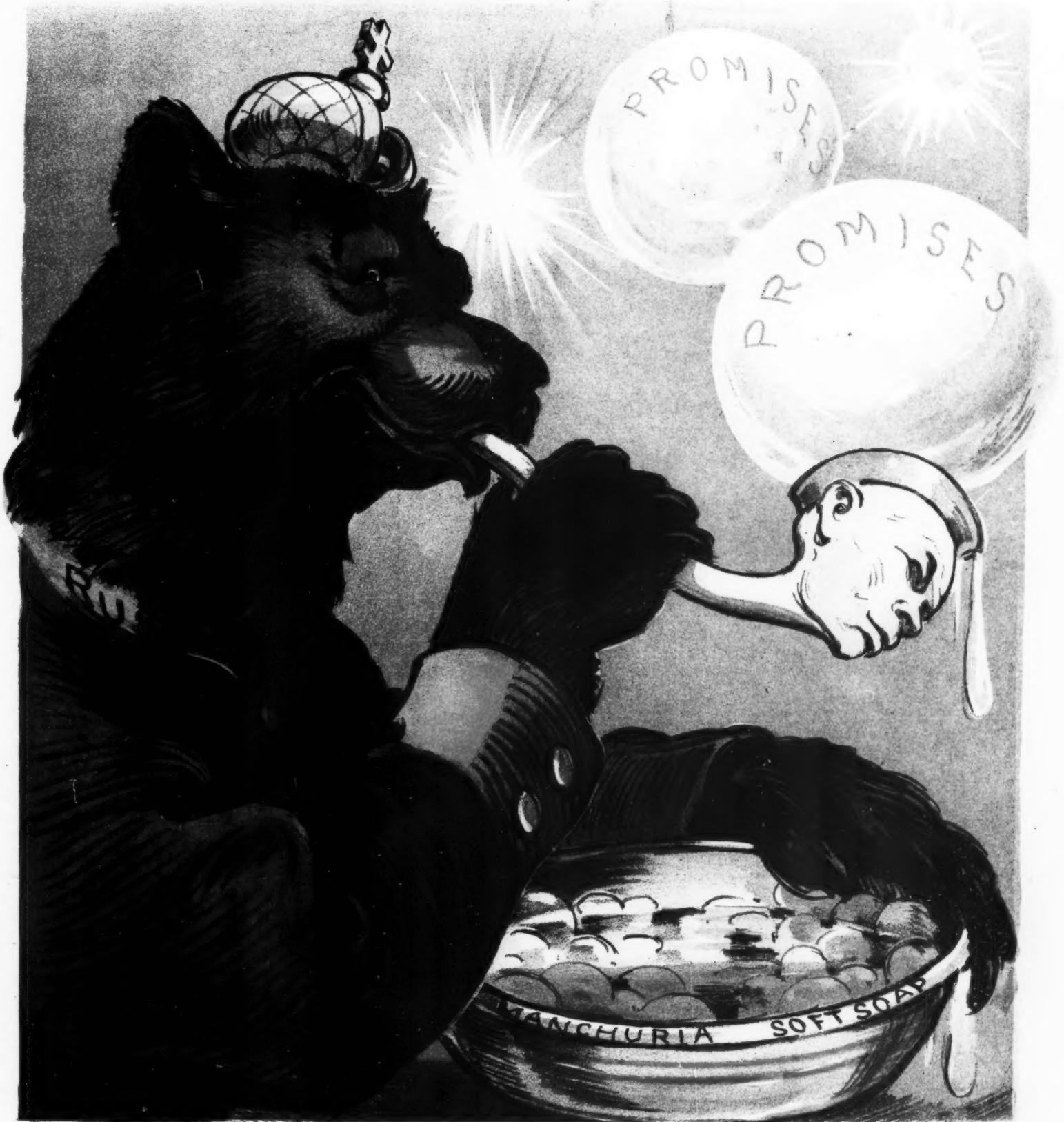
PUCK BUILDING, New York. August 12, 1903.

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BUBBLES.



LIGHT.

Here the doctor presented his bill.

"Robbery!" I cried, at once.

"I gave you all the pills you wanted for your cold!" said he.

I bowed frigidly.

"And a fair exchange is no robbery." This with unctious laughter.

But I was in no mood to suffer light being made of that which I deemed a serious matter.

CONCLUSIVE.

Being informed that the cashier had run away, the police at once declared that he was not a good man.

"For good men," they argued, "are naturally scarce; they do not have to make themselves scarce."

WHERE THERE IS ROOM.

"I read in the paper a statement by a diver that his business was not overcrowded, and that the pay was good," said Fosdick.

"Then that is one profession in which there is plenty of room at the bottom," added Keedick.



SOMETIMES.

THE FAIR SPECTATOR.—Tennis is an interesting game, is n't it?

JACK LAWFORD.—Very. It aids in the transformation of singles into doubles.

HIS HUGE HALLUCINATION.

FARMER MOSSBACKER.—Your nephew, that's just graduated from the academy, don't 'pear to have gone to work yet?

FARMER BENTOVER.—No; nor he don't think he'll ever have to. Up till yesterday he was undecided whether to write a successful operry, marry an heiress, or make a few stirrin' speeches and go to Congress. But night before last he evolved a scheme so glitterin' that he's dropped everything else as a waste of time. He's figgered it all out that by puttin' a penny into the bank on the first day of the month and doublin' the amount previously deposited each day thereafter, at the end of the month he'll have accumulated \$10,737,418.34; and what in tunkett does a feller with that much money want to bother with trivialities for, anyhow?

THE BOSTON VERSION.—You should n't expect to see young heads on any shoulders.



NOT TRANSFERABLE.

THE CONDUCTOR.—But this pass is in Mr. Hippopotamus's name!

THE GIRAFFE.—Well! I'm Mr. Hippopotamus.

THE CONDUCTOR.—Humph! You certainly have changed, then, since I saw you last.

The absent mind often gets a shock when it comes back.

PUCK

A GAME OF SOLITAIRE.

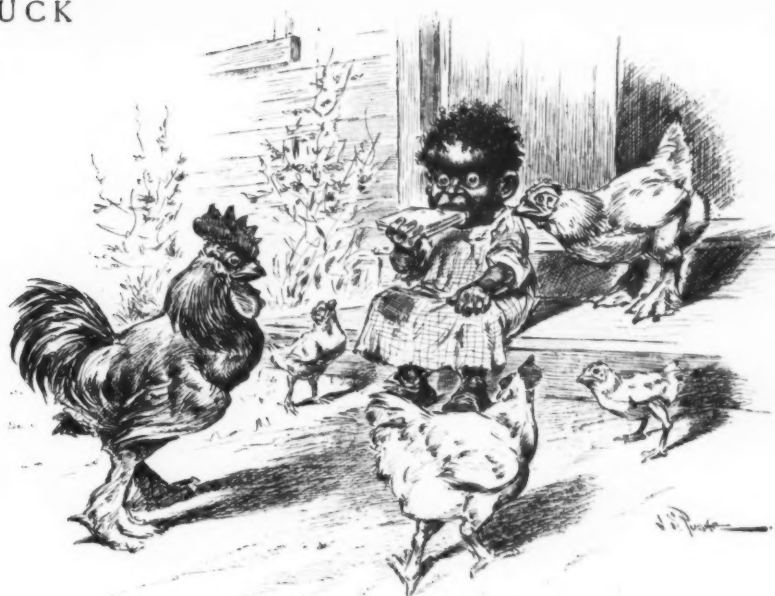


H LIST, ye gentle people,
While I to you declare
The paradox how sundry *two*
May play at solitaire!
The persons to the contest
Must be a man and maid;
And by the breezy seashore
The game most oft is played.

<p>All hearts, save one, the damsel's; The other heart, the man's— Who also has a diamond For which she shrewdly plans. She leads, his short suit seeking, With subtle, cunning art; The queen she plays—and, witness! She promptly has his heart!</p>	<p>His diamond to capture She lets <i>him</i> hold her hand— Poor chap, he vict'ry fancies; He does not understand. But, lo! she soon regains it— His diamond is there! And, in the common parlance, She's "won the solitaire!"</p>
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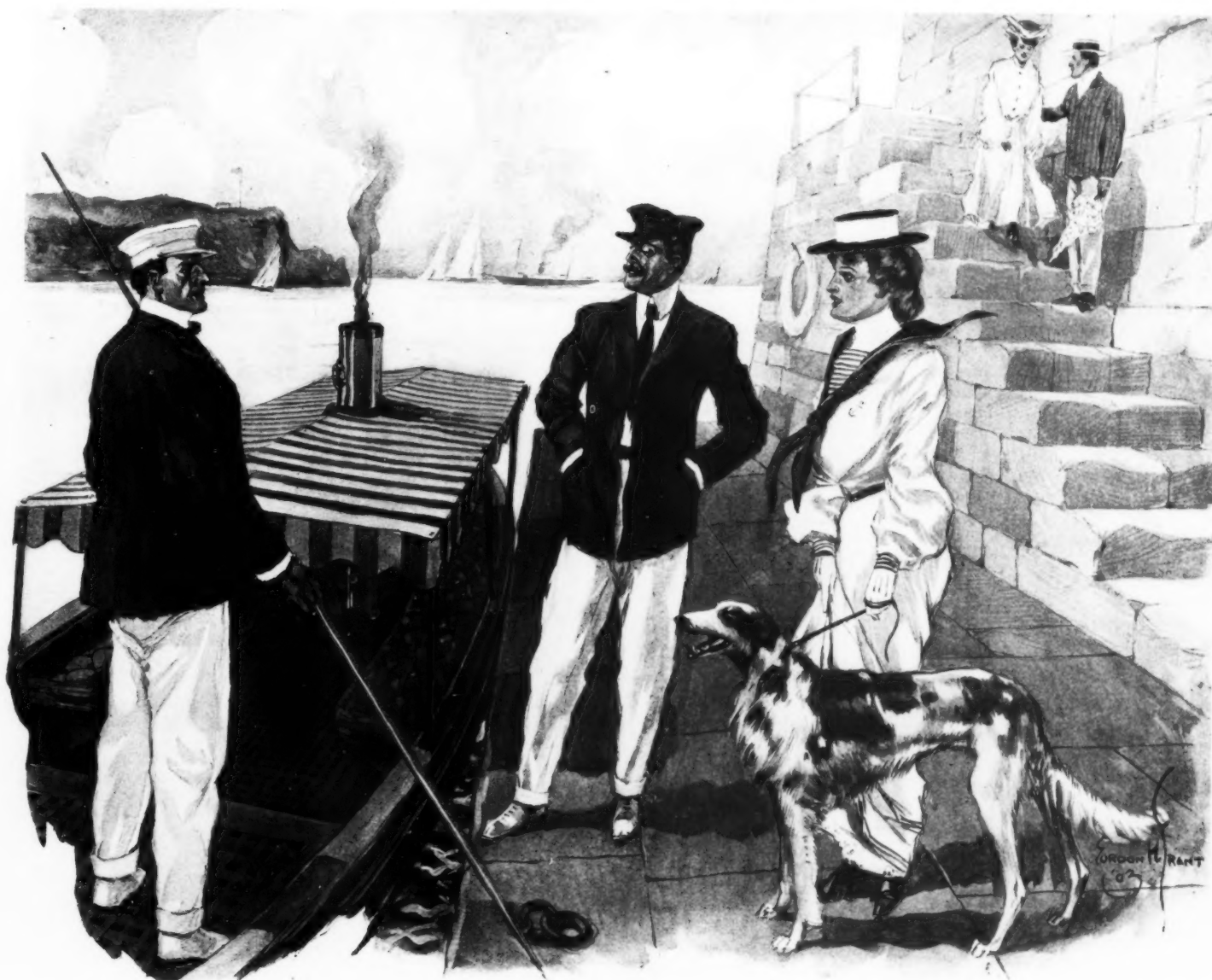
Now straightway he had better
The little game resign,
For tho' he fain would play the king
She trumps it with a "nein."
And even if, nigh hopeless,
At last he plays the deuce,
His efforts will be futile,
Aye, not the slightest use!

Edwin L. Sabin.



THE PATHS OF GLORY.

MR. KLUCK (*the rooster*).—Back to your coop, foolish children! Never get too familiar with a colored person; such friendship can only result in a fricassée, at the most!



TWO KINDS.

MISS REEFER.—I wonder, with all these big navies, if there will ever be universal peace?
TOPPING LYPHITE.—No; we can never all be bachelors.



MORE LIKELY TO DIVULGE.

"I 'll tell yer what 's de matter if yer kin keep a secret. . We had a fight an' I pinched her."
 "Den, she 's de one yer oughter git to keep *dat* secret!"

RACHEL'S RIVAL.



IT DOWN!" The tone of Rachel held a highly unpleasant hint of something to come. "Now—what does this mean?"

"What does what—?" I began with more defiance than euphony and paused for a better start. "Anything wrong?" was my feeble finish, as I perched uncomfortably on the piano stool, which wailed.

"Wrong!" Her face flamed. "I have found you out in time, thank Heaven! Bradford, you wrote this letter. Do not deny it. Of all the insipid gush I ever read. It would shame a school-boy. And you—well, we will soon settle our relation. Who is 'Mittie?'"

I twisted upon my unmusical seat without reply. Rachel had a right to be angry. "Who—is—Mittie?" she repeated, in what might be termed a rising gamut of wrath, a "do-re-mi" of indignation.

To be truthful, I did not love Rachel with the devotion of six weeks ago, when, under the pressure of several opinions, notably her own, as a leader, I had advanced a matrimonial proposition which had been promptly clutched. I was fairly shoved into it and, once off my balance, took it for granted that I should love Rachel very dearly. In fact, I assured myself that I did love her most ardently—at the beginning. Why not? She was undeniably handsome, brilliant and athletic. A fine woman. Her family and fortune suited mine exactly. Everyone was immensely pleased.

But six weeks of it—dear me! I found my protesting soul writhing at the thought of what six years would bring me. You see, Rachel prided herself on her spirit. I presume it was exceptional. She kept me on the verge of either refrigeration or cremation. She either blew cold or hot. She blew, anyway. My peace-loving nature thrives best in an even temperature. I did n't get it with Rachel. I have passed happier days.

Now, I was sitting on the piano stool, awaiting developments,



A FEW YEARS HENCE.

HIRAM WHIFFLE.—Bill Jones swapped that little sorrel autermobile uv his'n fer a twenty-hoss-power roadster, but he got stuck darn bad.

HIS SUMMER NEIGHBOR.—How 's that?

HIRAM WHIFFLE.—Why, he since found out that the pesky critter has a record uv killin' five men, an' wuz never known tew cross a car-track without balkin'.

A small boy with a box of tools can get as much enjoyment out of the parlor furniture as his mother ever did.

PUCK

conscious of my treachery and falsity of heart. No wonder I bore a look of guilt. I had written the letter. My reply was diplomatic, and preceded by a smile of propitiation. Rachel's head gave a warlike toss.

"My dear," I remarked gently, "if an innocent note intended for another has accidentally fallen into your hands, will it not be best to hand it to me and forget all about it? Surely, as your affianced lover, you would not dream—"

I thought this sounded very well, but Rachel did not. Her interruption was torrid.

"Innocent note!" she snorted. "It is a reek of disloyalty—a dishonorable mush of addled sentiment. And you, sir, have the effrontery to request me to overlook it. See here! (She read scornfully): 'My sweet little girl.' Bah! 'Oceans of love! Your adoring Brad.' It is simply disgraceful. 'My affianced lover,' indeed! Insult upon injury! Answer my question, and—here is your ring—"

"But, Rachel," I pleaded, trying to keep the joy from my voice, "what will people say?"

"What will people say?" She was superb. "Oh! you are intolerable."

"Can you throw me off like this?" I groaned, wondering what that little wretch of a Mittie would do to me when I told her.

"Easily," returned Rachel, her eyes snapping. "Thankfully, I might say. No, I will not listen to you. The letter written me and sent this creature you must procure at once. I can only hope it may cause you trouble in her direction. There!" She flung the note at me, tore the diamond from her finger, tossed it into my half-outstretched hand and rose, pointing to the door. "Go!" she said. "I am sorry, but we will not prolong this interview. Upon the whole, I think I do not care to know anything about the woman. I have been sadly mistaken regarding your character, Bradford. Permit me to say, however, as some extenuation for my lack of perspicuity, that I have never credited you with unusual intelligence."

"I can still explain this satisfactorily!" I cried, sliding off my perch; "but if your complimentary opinion is to hold, perhaps further efforts will be useless. Am I to understand that our engagement is terminated, and there can be no reconciliation?"

"Precisely!" responded Rachel, without the slightest suspicion of a regretful tear.

"Very well!" I said, smarting a bit under her unreasonable obstinacy, for things might have come out differently. "Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" snapped Rachel, and sneered.

That night she received her picture, a few unsentimental notes she had favored me with, and the following scrawl:

"DEAR MISS BANGS:—Miss Mittie



DISAPPOINTED.

AUNT MARGARET.—And if you're good—real good—you'll go to heaven.

DOROTHY.—Oh! Is that all? I thought maybe you were going to say you'd give me a quarter.

Reynolds, aged eight, the daughter of my old college chum, thanks you for returning her letter and begs to hand you, herewith, the missive she received in its place, which, as will be seen, is not of a character to excite criticism, being merely an informal invitation to accompany me to the opera on Thursday evening. The pleasure of your acceptance, I assume, is not to be hoped for."

Signing this with a chuckle, I wondered if Rachel would believe me possessed of sufficient brains to have purposely misdirected the envelopes, and how she would enjoy reading my explanation.

I am still wondering.

Elliot Walker.

HIS CHIEF APPREHENSION.

NEWARK MOSQUITO.—I suppose kerosene oil must be quite dangerous.

SOUTH ORANGE MOSQUITO.—May be so; but the only thing I'm really afraid of is a swat.



MERELY RUMOR.

RAWSON ROUNDER.—I understand that Mrs. Lakeside is going to marry her former husband.

GRACE GADDER.—There's nothing in it. She told me herself that she could never marry that man enough to love him.



THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

FRANK.—Ferdy over there is an extravagant boy. He ordered ten new suits to-day.

FRANCES.—Gracious! Can he afford them?

FRANK.—No; if he could he'd wear his old ones.

Literary people should live as near as possible to nature without getting too far away from the publishers.

PUCK



PUCK

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AS TO BRIBES AND PUNISHMENT.

NO ONE knows better than Mr. Jerome the meaning of graft. He has made it a study, in all its varying phases, for years. Therefore, when he speaks on labor graft, there are numerous eager listeners. Referring to walking delegates, he remarked recently: "If employers would n't bribe these fellows, there would n't be any of this trouble." So Mr. Jerome seeks a way to stop them; to punish them, deeming them fully as culpable as the rascally delegates. Or, in oft repeated terms, he deems the bribe giver quite as guilty as the bribe taker. Undoubtedly he is. But it must be a bribe that he gives; not something else. If a lobbyist says to a legislator: "I'll give you five thousand dollars if you'll vote for our bill," he is offering a bribe and is unquestionably a person of loose morals. But if, on the other hand, a legislator comes to a lobbyist, or to any one else, unbidden, and remarks: "Pay me five thousand dollars or I'll kill your bill in committee," the situation is somewhat different. And the difference is between bribery and extortion. Now, for what offence would the district attorney punish the employers? Not for corrupting the spotless delegate with offers of money; but for meeting his demand when, backed by the force of the unions and the certainty that the members thereof were as so much plaster in his hands, he said to the employers: "Give me the sum I want or I'll call out every man you've got." And because they chose to pay, rather than to suffer unlimited loss, to be branded as "unfair" and be held up indefinitely in their contracts, the district attorney would punish them and punish them relentlessly. If this is just, there are many striking parallels. The victims of ancient pirates was as culpable as the pirates themselves. Instead of weakly surrendering at the mouth of a cannon, they should have declined to give "bribes" on principle, and then and there attracted the attention of the authorities. Those the road agent rifled were no less guilty than the road agent himself. With his flintlock staring them in the face, they should have balked at such "bribery," recognized their duty to the community and taken the case to the courts. Likewise, the man who in the dead of night, allows a porch-climber to ransack his home has the same status before the law that the porch-climber enjoys. He is a shiftless citizen who thus "bribes" a thief with his watch and silverware. These are inevitable conclusions, if employers, as a body, are as sinful as we hear. Why not punish the workingman, also, as in his labor lies the impulse both to bribery and extortion?

THE NEGRO AND HIS SONG.

A FEMININE writer, possessed equally of knowledge and enthusiasm, has deplored the passing of the genuine negro music. Despite "its beauty, its power, its quaint and irresistible swing," it is falling back fast, she says, before the artificial coon song. And strong measures must be taken, if the old school melodies are not to perish. The modern coon ditty, she adds, is sung almost exclusively by whites; a circumstance highly portentous to the lovers of African harmony. In the minds of these,

there is but one practical safeguard. The negro who can sing and won't sing must be made to sing. And as long as his singing is properly supervised and all "baby" songs firmly forbidden in his repertoire, the genuine negro music, for a time at least, may regain its strength and fervor. Opposing this, one obstacle only appears. It is the bare likelihood that the negro, as now environed, may not feel like singing. The spread of lynching from the South to the North, East and West and the debonair style in which mobs grab the nearest negro if the one first desired be not handy, may fail to call forth again those "crooning lullabies of the nursery" and other bubbling passages which the feminine writer has so ably enumerated. Times have changed till the "quaint and irresistible swing" which belonged formerly to the genuine negro music is now the exclusive property of the genuine negro lynching. We shall therefore excuse the black man, if he fails to sing with care-free spontaneity.

WORK, THE NEW SPORT.

REPORTS HAVE come from the West that the Eastern college man, as a farm hand, is not a conspicuous success. Of his shortcomings, a complete catalogue has still to be compiled, but it is intimated with more or less severity that he tires easily. As farming knows no eight hour law, however, this is no proof of weakness, the vital point involved being one of training, purely. When a college man is to row in June, he begins preparations in January. When October football is his aim and object, he starts light practice in April. And in both of these, as in base ball and track sports, he is cared for and coached by knowing trainers. All this is necessary, if the final test is to find him fit. How utterly rash then for the college man who trains half a year for athletics, to tackle grim work without any training whatsoever. That he would tire easily was almost foreordained. Another season, if the Western crops hold good and the need of hired help is still pressing, it will pay the Eastern collegians to engage an expert trainer in agriculture; some one who will take hold of the farming squad after the Christmas holidays and gradually harden it till July, when the working season opens. Harvesting matches, played on Western farm lands by the rival work teams of Eastern colleges, with plenty of substitutes on the side lines in case of *ennui*, might solve the farm hand problem very nicely.

TRANSPPOSITION.

It was at the seaside that they fell in love; and there, too, with the sweet impetuosity of youth, they were wed, at once.

But now it was come time to go back to the town.

"Our love is such a grand, sweet song! Will it stand being transposed from sea natural to a flat?" was the anxious thought that oppressed both their hearts, though neither gave it voice.



UNDOUBTEDLY.

THE GROOM.—We did n't know any reason why we should n't get married.
THE ELDERLY PARTY.—Indeed? So you've taken a sure way to find out!



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DUMPING THEIR JONAH.

PUCK

WENT "HIGHER UP."

"I was once in the pocket of a man who climbed the Matterhorn," haughtily remarked the twenty-dollar gold-piece.

"Huh!" sneered the ten-dollar bill; "I've gone higher up than that."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the golden eagle, coldly. "Been air-shipping?"

"Not much," replied the long-green; "but I once happened to constitute part of a roll that a pool-room proprietor handed to a wardman."

"MUSICAL COMEDY."

PENLY.—I hear that Jingle's new musical comedy is pretty original.

KRITTICK.—Original? Bah! Why, there were n't more than three new faces in the whole bunch of show girls.



HOW IT LOOKED.

"That Mr. Gailey must be very poor?"

"Why?"

"I asked him how he made his money and he said he earned it."

BREAKING.

Once on a time three men broke a horse.

"My day will come!" thought the horse, after submitting to a great variety of indignities.

In due time, then, the horse craftily showed a burst of speed and was entered in some races.

"It is my day!" chuckled he, and broke twenty men the first heat.

It is a long lane that has no turning.

AWFULLY CUTTING.

NIBSY EASTSYDE (*haughtily*).—Youse people kin gaze on me wit' awe fer a few minutes, but I rea'ly can't hold a handshakin' reception; I'm just after havin' a spin in an autermobile.

MAYME MULLIGAN.—G'wan an' cook anudder pill! De perlice department ain't adopted autermobiles yit.



NOTHING SERIOUS.

THE WATER BUFFALO.—You talk as if you had a cold.

THE IBIS.—No;—it's only a frog in my throat.

ESSENTIAL.

"The tall silk hat," observed the student of affairs, "is an essential part of the equipment of the man who would be anybody in society. For it is only the man who does n't care to butt in whose head is hard enough not to need the protection."

HIS DEDUCTION.

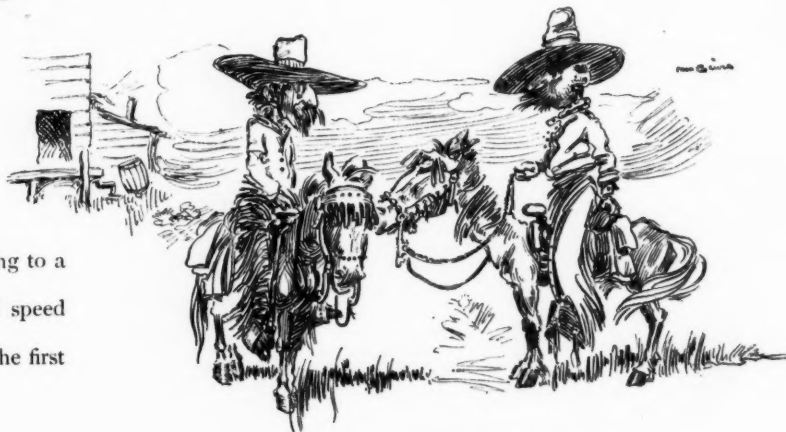
FARMER BENTOVER (*in the midst of his reading*).—Well, suzz! Here is an item which says that last year the number of applications for patents filed at the Patent Office exceeded 50,000.

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Well, 29,261 of 'em won't fly. The rest are something else.

ATHLETICS.

"Do they give athletics due prominence?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! They were one of the pioneers in the practice of making diplomas of pig-skin."



A SOUTH WESTERN DICKER.

"Eh-yah! I'll sell out, if I can git m' price. Let yer have the saloon, stock, good will and so forth for—What'll you give?"

"What about the fixtures?"

"Oh, fo'teen colonels, three majors, a judge, and a couple of hoss doctors go with the rest of the place."

Schlitz

THE FAMILY BEER



Visitor: "Does your whole family drink beer?"

Host: "Just Schlitz beer—no other. Our physician says that Schlitz beer is good for them."

Visitor: "Why Schlitz beer and no other?"

Host: "Because Schlitz beer is pure. There are no germs in it. Schlitz beer is brewed in absolute cleanliness, and cooled in filtered air. The makers go down 1400 feet for the water they use in it. They filter the beer, then sterilize every bottle—by Pasteur's process—after it is sealed."

Visitor: "But beer makes me bilious."

Host: "Schlitz beer will not, that's another advantage. • Biliousness is caused by 'green' beer—beer hurried into the market before it is sufficiently aged. Schlitz beer is aged for months in refrigerating rooms before it is bottled."

Visitor: "And what do you pay for it?"

Host: "Just what you pay for other beer. I secure the most careful brewing in the world for what you pay without it. I get a beer that costs twice as much as common beer in the brewing, by simply demanding Schlitz."

Visitor: "I'll do that next time."

Host: "Yes, and ever afterward. People are learning these facts, and Schlitz sales now exceed a million barrels annually. Ask for the brewery bottling."

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mothers of twins want to call and offer sym-
pathy, but have n't time.—*Atchison Globe.*

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hundred millions of them have
been sold in the United States in a
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breath, sore throat, and every other
illness arising from a disordered
stomach are relieved or cured by RIPANS TABLETS.
One will generally give relief within twenty minutes.
The five-cent package is enough for ordinary occa-
sions. All druggists sell them.

THINNE.—Oh, I wish I had your
voice!

THICCKE.—No doubt you would
enjoy using it.

THINNE.—No, 't ain't that, but I
was thinking if it were mine I could
stop it when I liked.—*Boston Post.*

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OUT O' THE RING.

"Bill 's got all the qualifications fer office, ain't he?"
"No,—six drinks floors him!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

SECRETARY.—All hope is lost. The governor will not sign your friend's
pardon. There are fifteen ahead of it.

CITIZEN.—But he is signing them rapidly, and he appears to be in good
humor.

SECRETARY.—Alas, his good humor won't last beyond the tenth or elev-
enth. I know the make of fountain pen
he is using.—*New York Weekly.*



UNSTRONG.

"She has n't a strong nature," said
the other woman, more in sorrow
than in scorn. "The least little thing
worries her. Why, I've known tight
shoes to disturb her even when they
made her feet look real sma!"
Actually!"

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stomach in good shape with Abbott's, the Original
Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

When you drink Champagne, drink the very best,
Cook's Imperial Extra Dry. It always satisfies, never
disappoints.

A SOCIETY MEMORIAL.

EDMONIA.—This lovely frock always makes me sad.

EUSTACIA.—Why?

EDMONIA.—Oh, I bought it last season for a garden party that I was n't
invited to.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SHE CAN'T GET AWAY.

"How do the Biglers manage to keep that hired girl of theirs at such a
lonesome place in the country?"

"They won't pay her a cent of wages, and it is seventeen miles over a
poor road to town."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

HIS BLUNDER.

"He was regarded as a brilliant young man."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum.

"But he could n't succeed in politics."

"Not in my state. He made the same old blunder. He prided himself
on being quick at repartee instead of quick at figures."—*Washington Star.*

HUMILITY is one of the materials left out by the self-made man.—*Ram's
Horn.*



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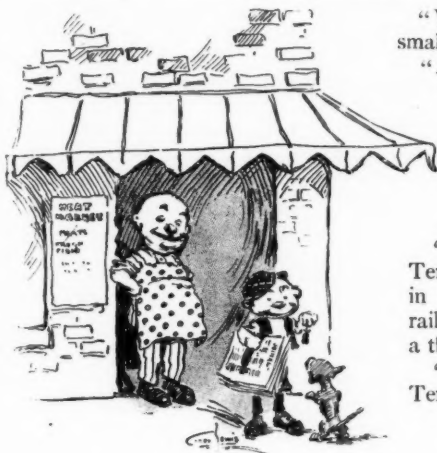
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dealer
anywhere
will supply
Evans'
Ale.



REGARDLESS OF FORM.

THE BUTCHER.—The pup 'll certainly give that sausage a royal welcome when they meet, eh, Billy?

BILLY.—Dat's no idle jest; he's the greatest purp fer makin' frien's wit' strange dogs I ever see!

A troubled feeling and the blues can generally be traced to indigestion. Chase it away with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

BEHIND HER BACK.

"She's very studious," said one woman.

"Yes," answered the other.

"And does n't seem to care for gossiping in the least."

"Oh, I don't know about that," answered the other with a sniff, "she merely prefers to talk about Helen of Troy and Romeo and Juliet to paying attention to what is going on in her own neighborhood."

—*Washington Star.*

SUPPLYING HIS OWN.

"Policeman Brown is very active in his efforts to catch the boys who play ball on his beat," remarked the captain.

"Yes," replied the citizen, "he has a small boy of his own."

"Ah! and does his own boy play ball?"

"Yes, with the bats and balls his father takes from the others."

—*Philadelphia Press.*

NOT TOO WELL PAID.

"I see by the paper," said Mrs. Tenspot, "that a lady has left \$5000 in her will to a girl who opened a railway car window for her once upon a time."

"Well, it was worth it," replied Mr. Tenspot.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BACON.—Is he the kind of a man who tells a lie and sticks to it?"

EGBERT.—No; he's the kind of a man who tells a lie, and it sticks to him.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

FATHER.—What! You a soldier? Why, don't you know the enemy would shoot at you?

RONALD.—But I guess I'd be an enemy myself.—*Boston Post.*

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK



EASE AND COMFORT

We all like a good share of both. The greatest ease and comfort and luxury in shaving, are only obtainable by using Williams' Shaving Stick. No cup, just the shaving stick and brush. One stick affords 300 shaves.

For sale by all druggists. 25c.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

LONDON

PARIS

BERLIN

SYDNEY

Natural Whiskey

Bottled under Government supervision direct from the barrel at the Distillery with its natural flavor, nothing added to or taken from it.

Old Overholt Rye

The Act of Congress, March 3, 1897, provides that date of making and of bottling whiskey shall be plainly printed on the Government Stamp that seals the bottle. It also prohibits bottling whiskey less than four years old and provides that all bottles must be full measure.

Ask your Dealer—or write us—

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
PITTSBURG, PA.

BOTTLED
IN BOND



OUT OF SYMPATHY.

CAROLINE.—Did you find Rebecca a congenial companion in the country?

CLEMENTINE.—No; she would n't talk about shirt waists, and was n't afraid of snakes.—*Detroit Free Press.*

USED TO IT.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "what would you do if you owned a railroad?"

"Same as usual," answered Meandering Mike. "I'd wake up."—*Wash. Star.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

AS SHE'D HAVE THEM DO.

HE.—Whatever else may be said of Miss Passay, she certainly is good and charitable.

SHE.—Yes?

HE.—Yes, her motto seems to be "to do unto all men as you would have them do unto you."

SHE.—Oh, come, now! She does n't really kiss them, does she?—*Philadelphia Press.*

AN INGENIOUS YOUTH.

"Have you any reason to believe my daughter will marry you, young man?"

"No reason whatever, sir."

"Then why are you here?"

"I thought it an excellent way to make your acquaintance, sir."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"LEMME once git my han' on de chicken, wid a straight road befo' me," says a Georgia dorky, "en I'll settle de race problem so quick it'll make yo' head swim."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

MRS. KIDLETS.—John, why do you always call our boy "Coffee"?

MR. KIDLETS.—'Cause he keeps us awake nights.—*Boston Post.*

Milo

The
Egyptian
Cigarette
of Quality

At your
club or dealer's
STUBBINS—Importer

AROMATIC DELICACY—
MILDNESS—PURITY

Universities

Are Now Teaching the
Value of Life Insurance.

In Selecting a Policy the
School of Experience

Points to

The Prudential

Send Coupon For Information of
Dividend Bearing Policies.

Without committing myself to any action, I shall
be glad to receive, free, particulars and rates
of Participating Policies.

For \$..... Age.....
Name.....
Address.....
Occupation..... Date, p.....

The Prudential
Insurance Co. of America

John F. Dryden,
President.

Home Office,
Newark, N. J.

THE
PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"



"Let us have virtue for our guide
And wisdom always at our side;
Thus cheerfully through life
we'll go
Nor ever feel the sting of woe."

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
by time,
not artificially.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.
AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

Sole Proprietors,
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,
Phila. & New York.
ESTABLISHED 1793.

MR. KILLUM.—How long have we been married, dear?

MRS. KILLUM.—I don't exactly remember the number of years, Louis;
but it was a short time before my pet dog died.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Harper Rye

"On Every Tongue."

The "early settler" that has made Kentucky Whiskey famous for
excellence all over the world. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., Louisville, Ky.

"Standard of Highest Merit"

FISCHER
PIANOS.

"The embodiment of tone and art."

164 FIFTH AVENUE,
Between 21st and 22nd Streets, New York.

PETER'S
THE ORIGINAL
MILK-CHOCOLATE

For Eating Only

Imported from Vevey, Switzerland

It is a confection, yet a wholesome food, especially
nourishing and sustaining. The only
chocolate that can be eaten freely by children,
invalids and persons of weak digestion. It does
not create thirst.

INSIST ON HAVING

PETER'S SWISS MILK CHOCOLATE

Invaluable as a dainty lunch on all excursions.

Avoid Imitations, which lack the Richness and
Delicate Flavor of the
Original Peter's Chocolate.

Any and Every Other Brand is an IMITATION.

SEND POSTAL FOR FREE SAMPLE.

Lamont, Corliss & Co., Sole Agents

78 Hudson St., New York



UNCERTAIN.

HIS ACQUAINTANCE.—No; I have n't seen Algy lately.

CHOLLY.—Neither have I. I wonder where he is and what he's doing.

HIS ACQUAINTANCE.—Well, I don't suppose he's doing anything; but I don't know
where he is n't doing it.

Colic and Cramps Quickly Stopped

By Dr. Sievert's Angostura Bitters, the only genuine,
imported. Refuse domestic imitations.

Keeley
Cure

Alcohol, Opium,
Drug Using.

The disease yields easily to the
Double Chloride of Gold Treat-
ment as administered at these
KEELEY INSTITUTES.
Communications confidential.
Write for particulars.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
LEXINGTON, MASS.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
WEST HAVEN, CONN.

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any
paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED
Pens are more durable, and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cents, from all
stationers, or wholesale of

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 William St., New York.

HOOPER, LEWIS & Co., 8 Milk St., Boston.

A. C. MCCLURG & Co., 117 Wabash Ave., Chicago.
H. KIMPTON, 48 John St., or TOWER MFG. CO., 306 B'way, N. Y.



THE FATE OF THE FLIRT.

She watched the gallants come and go,
She flirted so with every beau;
Now, when she 'd have one come and stay,
They merely come—and go.—*Phila. Press.*

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

"I was just telling our friend here, Molly, that it was storming on the day of our marriage."
"Surely not, Hiram! The weather was perfectly lovely!"
"Well, well! I don't know how I got so mixed up about it,—probably because it's been storming ever since!"
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

BEWILDERED.

"John Henry, I'll thrash you soundly if I ever catch you telling another story that is n't true."
"And yet, Ma, I heard you say to the minister that I had great imagination."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

IMPLACABLE.

"I understand that you spoke in derogatory terms of me," said the man who is always looking for trouble.
Mr. Sirius Barker looked at him reprovingly and said:
"Is it your habit to hunt people up and interrupt their work simply because you happen to understand something?"—*Washington Star.*

A SUMMER ESTIMATE.

MARTHA.—Well, how was the missionary meeting?
MARY.—Oh, I never tasted such good sherbert and angel cake in all my days!—*Detroit Free Press.*

It is a wonder that some one has never placed advertising circulars in the hymn racks at church; they would be read through forwards and backwards.—*Atchison Globe.*

"I HAVE told you frequently," said the mother to her young daughter, "never to contradict your father at the table when you have your mouth full."—*Yonkers Statesman.*



*Without regard to cost, or
with strictest regard to cost*

The Best Cravats for Men Are

Keiser-Barathea Cravats.

There are several reasons why this is so

KEISER CRAVATS

Wear longer than others
Crease less than others
Fray less than others
Are the largest selling make of fine Cravats in the world
Are the only Cravats made that carry a responsible guaranty to the wearer

Be sure the Cravat you buy bears the Keiser label, which signifies just this—*Satisfaction or your money back.*

A 36-page text book called "THE CRAVAT" tells of the WHAT, WHERE, WHEN, and HOW of a Man's Cravat—Its Names and Shapes, Its Tying, Its Care, Its Selection, Its Various Forms for Special Occasions and Functions, Its Color Scheme, Its Adjuncts, Pins, Fasteners, etc. Its Don'ts; in fact, ALL ABOUT A MAN'S CRAVAT. Sumptuously illustrated. Copy for the asking, by sending 6 cts. in stamps (de Luxe Edition, 15 cts.) with this Advt. to JAMES R. KEISER, 122 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. Wholesale only.
Business founded over half century ago.

"You can't jedge a man by de 'mount o' noise he makes," said Uncle Eben. "De locomotive engineer is doin' his easies' work when he 's ringin' de bell an' blowin' de whistle."—*Washington Star.*

GOUT & RHEUMATISM
Use the **Great English Remedy**
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

GINSENG
\$25,000 made from one-half acre.
Easily grown throughout the U.S. and Canada. Room in your garden to grow thousands of dollars' worth. Roots and seeds for sale. Send 4c. for postage and get our booklet A-U telling all about it.
McDOWELL GINSENG GARDEN, Joplin, Mo.

LEARN ADVERTISING

If you want to know how to do your advertising at less cost, if you wish to become an advertising writer or manager at \$20 to \$100 weekly, if you wish to gain knowledge that will positively increase your salary or income, send three 2c. stamps for prospectus telling "Who Should Study Advertising," and booklets, "The Ill Fortunes of Brother Bill," "Other People's Brains," and "How Shall a Young Man Succeed."
CHARLES AUSTIN BATES, 20 SPRUCE ST., N. Y.

WHERE PA CAME IN.

"What has your Ma named the baby, May?" asked a neighbor of the little girl playing in the yard next door.
"Henry Arthur Algernon Judkins," said the tot, proudly.
"Why, I thought you were going to name him after your father?"
"Well, so we did—Judkins," was the convincing reply.—*N. Y. Times.*

A DITTY OF FINANCE.

Little drops of water
Sprinkled through the stock
Leave the Wall Street lambkins
Hopelessly in hock.
—*Washington Star.*

BOTH DOOMED.

"It will be a duel to the death," said the old retainer.
"And what are the weapons?"
queried the friend of the family.
"Toy pistols."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A DOCTOR is the only person we know who gets paid for indulging in guessing schemes.—*Atchison Globe.*

THE TEACHER.—What were Noah Webster's last words?

THE SCHOLAR.—I don't remember just what they were, but I know they all begin with a Z.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

VANITY.

"I don't quite understand," said the suburbanite, mildly, "why you prefer six o'clock in the morning as an hour for mowing the lawn."
"It's my confounded personal vanity," said his neighbor, apologetically.
"When I get up at six o'clock in the morning I'm so proud of it that I want the whole neighborhood to know it."—*Washington Star.*

THE COST OF SUBLIMITY.

Lives of great men all remind us
We could make our lives sublime,
If we only had the money,
Brains enough, and lots of time.
—*Indianapolis News.*

MISS MAE APPLETON will leave Friday to spend two daes in Hollidæ.
—*Atchison Globe.*

"YES," said Mrs. Newrich; "we traveled in Southern California, and it is surprisin' how much land has been brought to a state of perfection by those irritating canals."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

IDA.—Charley Lighter has gone so far out in the surf I fear he will drown.
MAY.—Oh, he 'll keep afloat.
IDA.—But he has n't a life-pre-server.

MAY.—No; but he has a cork-tipped cigarette in his mouth.—*Boston Post.*

\$250 Reward

for information leading to the conviction of any dealer having refilled empty bottles of ED. PINAUD'S world renowned

PREPARATIONS

or adulterating and tampering in any shape or form with the original contents of the same. This offer is bona fide, and is made in order to protect the consumer of ED. PINAUD'S Toilet Preparations

An immense fraud has been of late practiced, especially by a large number of unscrupulous barbers, who have made it a practice to use on their customers spurious and often injurious preparations, palming the same off as ED. PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine and Extrait Vegetal.

ED. PINAUD'S Eau de Quinine is sold in the United States in no other form than in patented Sprinkler Stopped Bottles, which contain 4, 8, 16, and 32 ounces. ED. PINAUD'S Extrait Vegetal is sold in 6-ounce bottles only. They are never sold in bulk.

The Parfumerie ED. PINAUD have decided to protect their rights, and to that end they have instructed their attorneys to prosecute to the utmost severity of the law all those who will either imitate their packages or refill their bottles.

Any communication relative to the detection of such frauds will be treated in strict confidence by

ED. PINAUD'S IMPORTATION OFFICE

Ed. Pinaud Bldg., 5th Ave. & 14th St., NEW YORK

MOST men are unable to ride in the head carriage of the procession until they die.—*Atchison Globe.*

**Pickings
from Puck**

No. 49

OUT TO-DAY

Contains more than

200 Illustrations
by Puck's staff
of artists.

Price, 25 cents per copy.

All Newsdealers, or by mail from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address,

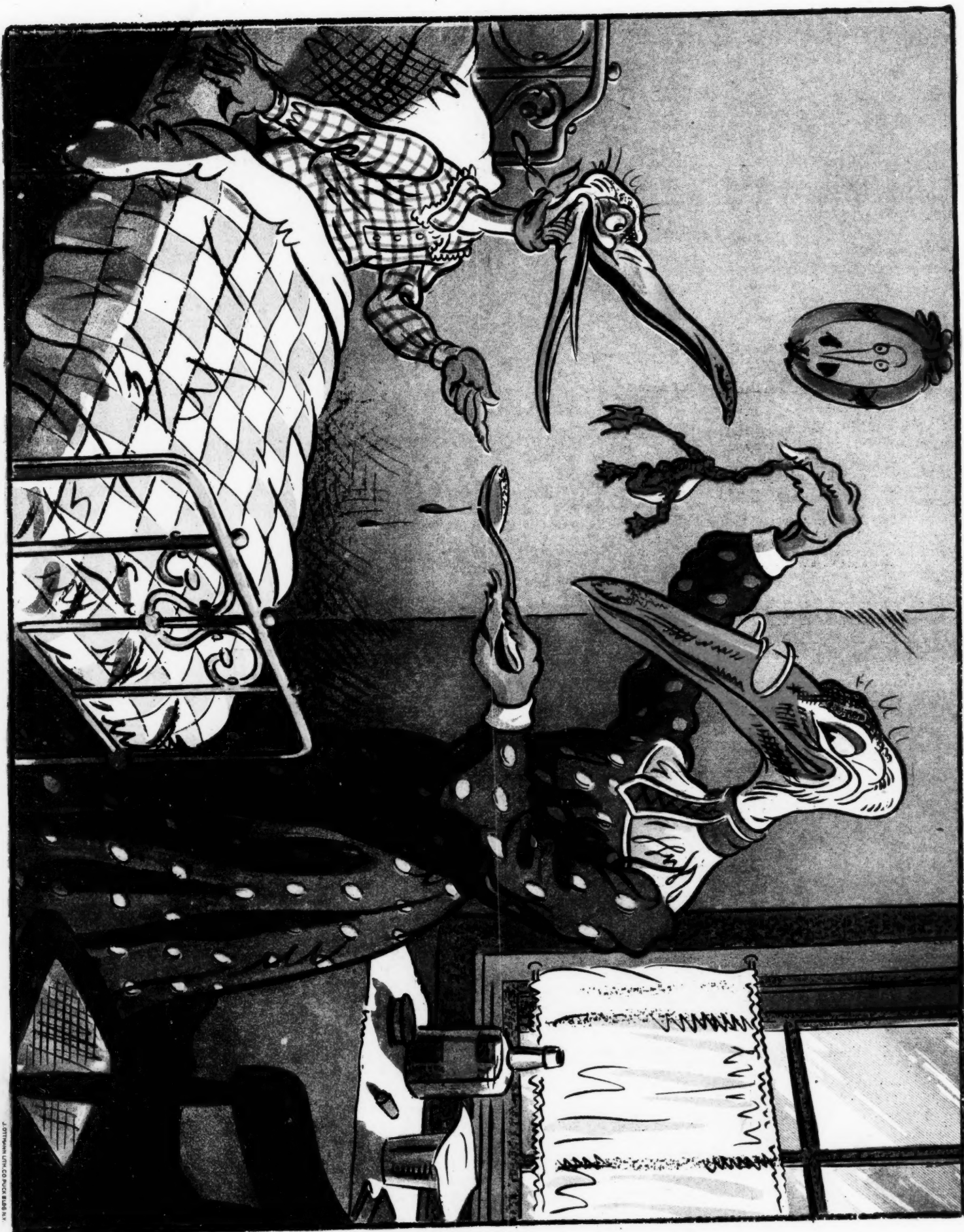
New York.

PUCK.

Simple, Elegant,
Luxurious, Pure, Fragrant.

Egyptian DEITIES.

No better Turkish cigarette can be made. Cork tips or plain tips
No. 3 size, 10 for 25 cents. No. 1 size, 10 for 35 cents.
Look for signature of S. ANARGYROS.



AN INDUCEMENT.

Mrs. STORK.—Now, Willy, if you'll take your medicine like a good boy, I'll give you this delicious frog to take the taste out of your mouth.